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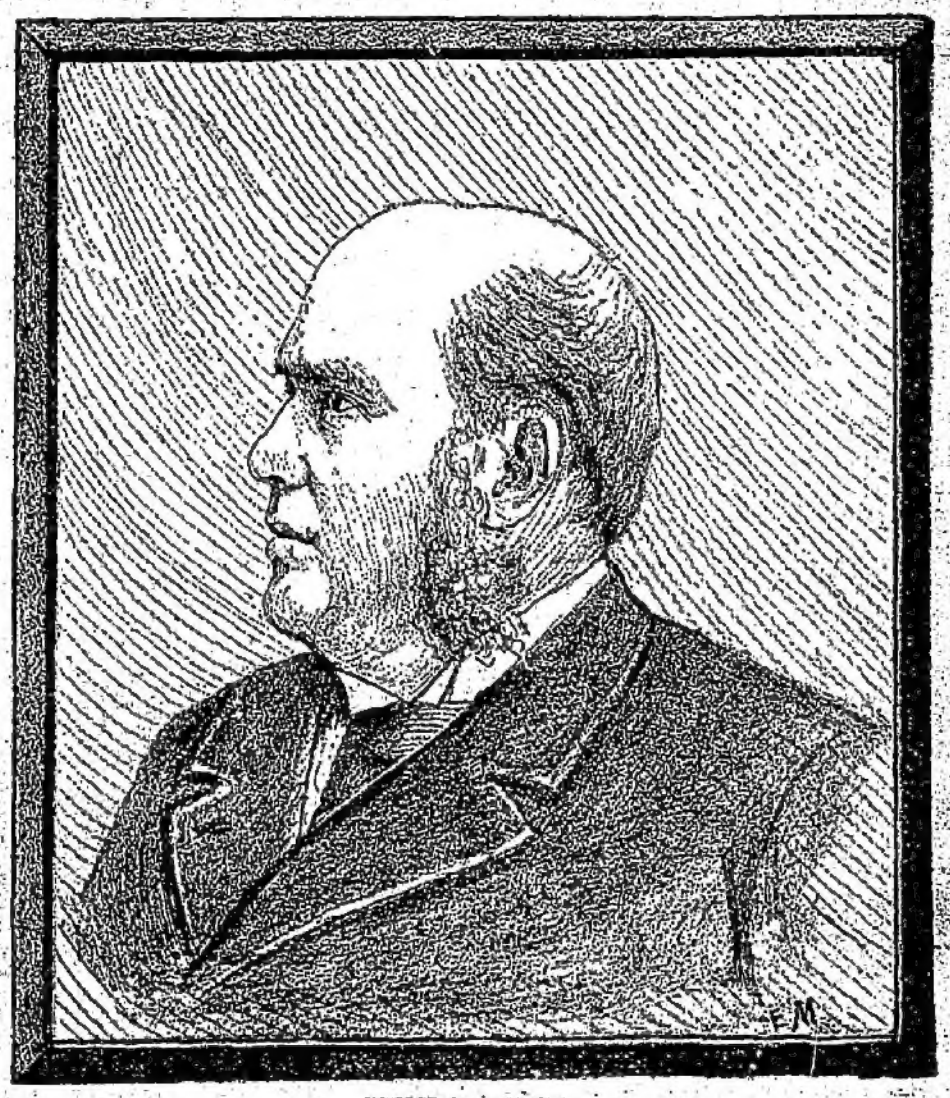


PHILIP D. ARMOUR.

## PHILIP D. ARMOUR.

HIS MANNER OF LIFE, HIS IMMENSE ENTERPRIZES IN TRADE AND PHILANTHROPY.

*(From Arthur Warren, in McClure's Magazine).*

When I asked a number of men in Chicago, 'If you were to select one man as representative of your Western life, ideas, ability—representative in success, and representative in personal character—whom would you name?'

There was no variety in the response. It came always, 'Philip D. Armour,' or 'Phil Armour,' as the case might be.

Mr. Armour will never, in any circumstances, talk about himself; and on any theme he is a man of few words. Once, when I asked him if he would say in the fewest possible words how he had accomplished so much, he replied: 'By keeping my mouth shut.'

Why should Philip Armour be interesting? Because he is the richest person in Chicago? No!

He is a great administrator. He has the nature of one who could 'stand by Cæsar and give direction.' In America the greater part of our highest ability is attracted into business life. The great public problems in this country are municipal rather than national, local rather than imperial; and so the men of imperial minds have been turned into those fields of action from which they are not excluded by the narrow traditions of our public service. Armour is an imperialist in his ideas and in his acts.

He is one of the greatest manufacturers in this or any country. In this capacity alone he employs twelve thousand persons, pays six or seven millions of dollars yearly in wages, owns four thousand railway cars, which are used in transporting his goods, and has seven or eight hundred horses to haul his waggons. Fifty or sixty thousand persons receive direct support from the wages paid in his meat-packing business alone, if we estimate families on the census basis. He is a larger owner of grain elevators than any other individual in either hemisphere; he is the proprietor of a glue factory which turns out a product of seven millions of tons a year; and he is actively interested in an important railway enterprise.

Mr. Armour is a great organizer. He thoroughly understands the art of appointing captains over hundreds, captains over fifties, and captains over tens. His house is directly represented in every important city in the world. Mr. Gladstone, from a dingy building in Downing Street, in the heart of London, reaches out over a world-encircling empire. A few words scrawled by his pen upon a slip of paper will affect the destinies of nations. Philip Armour is, in the world of business, not unlike a prime minister. In business there is no democracy. The sway of the individual is absolute. Philip Armour, in his La Salle Street office, reaches out over realms as wide as those whose affairs are directed by the premier in Downing Street. Telegraph wires for his private use bring the financial news of the world directly to his desk. Within call are his heads of departments, who serve him as a cabinet council. He can, by merely summoning a clerk, receive the latest news from markets as far afield as India or Peru, and he can similarly despatch his instructions to any quarter of the earth.

Armour is in every way a large man—large in build, in mind, in nature. He is nearly six feet high, and with a kind of stately bulk which turns the scales at something like two hundred and fifty pounds. He moves easily, but he thinks in flashes. He has a big, powerful head, broad over the eyes, and dome-shaped, a head that is full of character and determination. He has the strongest, and at the same time the sweetest, face that I have ever seen in a man. It is the face of one who is so much the master of himself that he can afford to be gentle. His voice is kindly in its tone and low; and while his eyes twinkle and around them are the lines of good humor, there is in them all the shrewdness, all the searching quality that you can imagine a

DR. GUNSAULUS,
President of Armour Institute.

man of his record to possess. They are the eyes of an analyst of human nature.

You see the perfection of organization everywhere in the enterprises of Armour & Company—at the packing-houses, where, as an enthusiastic foreigner says, 'the live pigs go in at one end of a machine, and chains of sausages come out at the other end;' where beeves and sheep are dressed and swung into the chill-rooms within ten minutes after they have ambled into their pens; where no scrap of serviceable material is wasted; where every man among the thousands has his allotted task and

*(Continued on Last Page.)*

THE COOKING SCHOOL, ARMOUR INSTITUTE.

THE GIRLS' BRIGADE, ARMOUR MISSION.

## AFTER EASTER.

The Easter praises may falter
And die with the Easter Day,
The blossoms that brightened the altar
In sweetness may fade away;
But after the silence and fading
There lingers, untold and unpriced,
Above all changing and shading,
The love of the living Christ.

For the living Christ is loving,
And the loving Christ is alive!
His life hidden in us is moving
Us ever to pray and to strive.
Alas! that e'en in our striving
We labor like spirits in prison,
Forgetting that Jesus is living,
Forgetting the Saviour has risen

We join in the Easter rejoicing,
And echo each gladdening strain,
While a pitiful minor is voicing
Our own secret doubting or pain.
We weave Him a shroud of our sadness,
We cover His smile with our gloom,
And drive back the angel of gladness
That waits at the door of the tomb.

We forget that our own hearts have hidden
Our Christ in a grave of our own;
We forget that our own hands are bidden
To roll from the threshold the stone.
Yet our tearful eyes, drooping and weary,
With watching in sorrow and fear,
Might see, like the heart-broken Mary,
That the Lord is alive—and is near.

—*From Songs of the Easter.*

[For the Messenger.

## AN HONEST CONFESSION.

I was a tobacco smoker from my early days. I saw nothing wrong in it. Not early in life, I became a Christian, and still smoked, and commiserated, as cranks, those who thought Christians should not smoke. After a while I weakened on tobacco. I ceased smoking on the streets, and even at home tried to smoke stealthily. I took a class in the Sunday-school. I little knew the trouble that awaited me. The liquor and tobacco pledge of the school and the remarks of the superintendent made me uncomfortable. He urged the teachers to induce their scholars to sign the pledge. During those addresses I was always busy scanning my Bible, for I could not look into the face of my pupils. Some of the members of my class ceased sitting near me, and would turn their heads away, when I bent near them, pressing them to have a personal interest in Christ. This worried me. I attended our weekly prayer-meeting. One evening, before the service had begun, I was speaking to a lady, sickly and delicate—she held back her head, and said—'Do keep away, for I cannot bear the smell of that horrid tobacco.' Oh, it was cruel, more than a dozen heard it. I felt, I cannot tell how I felt. I staggered to my seat. I sat during that hour dumfounded. I slunk out while the benediction was being pronounced. It was a cold night, but I was excessively hot. I took a long walk, I was angry, ashamed and grieved. I went home. I looked at that poor innocent pipe that had often solaced me, but now disgraced me. I had one bitter cry, 'Oh, God help me.' Away went pipe, away went tobacco. And now I serve him with clean hands, clean lips, and praise him with sweet breath.

One word, fellow-Christians who smoke—'Present your bodies a living sacrifice to God.' 'Know ye not that your bodies are members of Christ.' 'Ye are not your own.' Wherefore, if meat maketh my brother to stumble, 'I will eat no flesh for evermore.'

## OPEN THINGS.

Lydia, an open heart.—Ac. xvi. 14.
Martha, an open house.—Lu. x. 38.
The ministering women, open hands.—Lu. viii. 3.
The poor widow, an open purse.—Mk. xii. 42.
Bereans, an open Bible.—Ac. xvii. 11.
Zacharias, an open mouth.—Lu. i. 61.
The blind man, opened eyes.—Jno. ix. 30.
Peter, an open door.—Ac. xii. 10.
Stephen, an open heaven.—Ac. vii. 56.
Jesus, an open tomb.—Lu. xxiv. 2.
—*The Christian.*

## A TALK ABOUT BIBLE-READING.

It is to be regretted that, while among certain classes of thoughtful people there is undoubtedly much Bible in these days, there is less consecutive reading than formerly. The Bible lies everywhere, it is the cheapest of books, it may be had in every variety of style and binding, it is published in every language, and freely given to those who cannot buy it, yet there is less knowledge of its contents than one would imagine among well-educated people. Otherwise well-educated, to speak strictly, for a liberal education pre-supposes acquaintance with the Bible, simply from the literary standpoint.

One has only to take in charge a class of young men or women in the Sunday-school to prove to one's satisfaction that the Bible is an unknown book to most of their number. Ask for a text in Deuteronomy, and you will observe the puzzled fingers fumbling about Isaiah. Inquire for Amos, and one and another will grope for this prophet among Judges, Ruth and First and Second Samuel. The epistles are a hopeless labyrinth to these students. They never can locate Ephesians, Colossians and Philippians, and Hebrews belongs also to the region of the vast unexplored.

A part of child-training in the days antedating ours by thirty years or so, was the requirement of reading the Scriptures daily, with the frequent memorizing of chapters and psalms. Sometimes, and always from a mistaken sense of duty, children were compelled to study portions of Scripture by heart as a punishment, just as unfaithful schoolboys were set to the copying of long passages in Milton, or the translating of extra lines in Virgil and Horace. It was an error of judgment which ever associated the idea of penance with Proverbs or Psalms, but the habit of reading the Bible as regularly as one went to bed or arose, was not penitential; on the contrary, it was enjoyed, and when once formed as a necessity of the every-day routine, it was seldom laid aside in later life.

A few winters ago, in an American city famous for culture and priding itself on its thoroughness in whatever it undertakes in the line of study, a distinguished woman was conducting a class of ladies through certain fields of literature and art. One morning the teacher paused, and looking earnestly into the faces of the assembled circle, said impressively:

'I regret to observe in this class an entire lack of acquaintance with a little book known as the New Testament. Indeed, I am so much embarrassed by this, that I am compelled to suspend further proceedings in this part of our work until every member of the class shall have bought and read a Testament. We cannot go on intelligently in your present condition of imperfect preparation.'

In Christian households where family prayer is regularly maintained, children acquire unconsciously a measure of familiarity with the Bible from hearing it read, or from reading it verse about. When children are in the habit of going to church every Sunday with their elders they hear in the course of a year a good many passages of Scripture. If the pastor occasionally comments on what he reads, giving a brief incisive word of explanation or suggestion, their attention is apt to be clinched, as a hammer drives home a nail. It would be well for all of us, whether children or grown people, to fix our minds on what we hear in church, remembering not only the text, and as much as possible of the sermon, but also the chapter read, the responsive readings, and the hymns.

Whether we have ever read our Bibles methodically or not, is not, however, so much the practical question as whether we may not do so for the rest of our lives. Perhaps the consecutive method, straight through from end to end, as John Ruskin says was his custom when a child beside his mother's knee, is not the best for us. There are many excellent ways of studying the Word. One is to take it up by characters, as Moses, David, Samuel, reading the complete biography of each of these men, finding all references to them in other parts of the Bible, and, as a side-light, reading what one can discover in history of the current manners and customs of their period, and of contemporary civilization.

Another way is to select a topic, as Faith, Love, Prayer, Praise, Submission, Patience, Loyalty, Obedience, and read with the topic as a central thought, as the motif in a strain of music.

Again, one may take a single book and read it through, looking out the marginal notes. This will take time and care, but is prolific of good results.

Among helps to Bible-reading, a standard Bible dictionary, a good commentary, Dr. Thomson's 'The Land and the Book,' and similar works, are of much value. A book published by Harper & Brothers, entitled 'Christ in the Old Testament,' furnishes very delightful reading. But better than all books about the Bible is the Bible itself, and to one who has learned to love it, it is as honey and the honey-comb.

To such a soul the strife of discussion, the shifting winds of argument, the criticism of scholars, may have a passing interest, and regret may be awakened that good men lose their tempers, and that great ecclesiastical bodies are rocked as by a tempest over affairs which never touch the great Book nor in the least menace its integrity. Here it stands, the refuge and the sanctuary into which storm-beaten spirits have run for safety and shelter; the unspeakable consolation of martyrs and confessors in every age: the manna for God's saints in their desert pilgrimage; the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire; the ark in which our best things are laid up; over and above all, the Book which reveals Christ to fallen man, Christ the human, Christ the divine, our mediator, our Saviour. A book alike for the learned and for the illiterate, for the happy and for the wretched, for life's tumults, and for death's darkening twilight.

'Holy Bible, Book Divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine,'

may be the expression of each Christian's heart.

But do not let us sentimentalize over our Bibles only. Let us read them. When we do this, with prayer and pains, we shall the more evidently grow in grace.—*Aunt Marjorie, in Christian Intelligence.*

IF HE WOULD only lean hard enough on his Father's arm, the weakest of God's children would move the earth.

## SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

*(From Westminster Question Book.)*

LESSON II.—APRIL 8, 1894.

DISCORD IN JACOB'S FAMILY.—Gen. 37:1-11.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 3, 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'See that ye fall not out by the way.'—Gen. 45:24.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gen. 33:1-20.—Jacob's Meeting with Esau.
T. Gen. 35:1-15.—Jacob Revisits Bethel.
W. Gen. 37:1-11.—Discord in Jacob's Family.
Th. John 15:17-27.—Jesus Hated.
F. Rom. 12:1-21.—Love without Dissimulation.
S. 1 John 3:11-24.—Hatred—Murder.
S. Psalm 133:1-3.—Brethren in Unity.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Joseph Loved by his Father. vs. 1-3.
II. Joseph Hated by his Brothers. vs. 4.
III. Joseph Envied for his Dreams. vs. 5-11.

TIME.—B.C. 1729, ten years after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Hebron, twenty miles south of Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

Jacob, after he had met his brother Esau, went to Shechem, and thence to Bethel. He then went southward as far as Bethlehem, where Rachel died. Finally he settled in Hebron. Here Joseph grew up until he was seventeen, a well-trained, godly boy. One lesson to-day tells us how he incurred the hatred of his brothers.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Stranger*—sojourner. 2. *Generations*—family history. *The sons of Bilhah*—Dan and Naphtali. *The sons of Zilpah*—Gad and Asher. *Their evil report*—the report of their evil doings. 3. *Israel loved Joseph*—because he was the son of his best-loved wife and of his old age. Benjamin was yet very young—only about one year old. *A coat of many colors*—either a long garment with sleeves and fringes, or one composed of pieces of various colors. 4. *Could not speak peaceably*—would not say, 'Peace be to thee,' the form of saying 'Good morning' in those days. 5. *Joseph dreamed a dream*—his dream was prophetic, foretelling his future honor over his brothers. 10. *His father rebuked him*—Joseph's dream seemed lacking in due honor to his parents. *Observed the saying*—it made an impression on the father's mind.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Give the history between the last and this lesson. What were the names of Rachel's two sons? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. JOSEPH LOVED BY HIS FATHER. vs. 1-3.—Where did Jacob live? How many sons had he? Why did Jacob love Joseph more than his other sons? Who was Joseph's mother? What other son had Rachel? What gift of love did Jacob give Joseph? How old was Joseph at this time?

II. JOSEPH HATED BY HIS BROTHERS. v. 4.—How did Joseph's brothers feel toward him? Why did they hate him? How did they show their hatred?

III. JOSEPH ENVIED FOR HIS DREAMS. vs. 5-11.—What was Joseph's first dream? What was the second? What events did these dreams foretell? Gen. 42:6, 9. How did they affect his brothers?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The evil hate those who interfere with their evil ways.
2. The good should never countenance the evil by concealing it.
3. Family discords should be avoided; there can be no true home without love.
4. God's hand rules over the acts of men.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Where was Jacob now living? Ans. In the land of Canaan, wherein his father was a stranger.
2. Which of his sons did Jacob love most? Ans. Joseph, because he was the son of his old age.
3. What mark of affection did Jacob give Joseph? Ans. He gave him a coat of many colors.
4. How did Joseph's brothers feel toward him? Ans. They hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him.
5. What increased their hatred? Ans. Two dreams of Joseph which foretold his future authority over them.

LESSON III.—APRIL 15, 1894.

JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.—Gen. 37:23-36.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good.'—Gen. 50:20.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gen. 37:12-22.—Joseph Visits his Brethren.
T. Gen. 37:23-36.—Joseph Sold into Egypt.
W. Luke 22:1-6, 47-54.—Jesus Sold.
Th. Acts 7:1-16.—God's Purpose.
F. Psalm 37:1-18.—'Commit thy Way unto the Lord.'
S. Psalm 69:1-17.—The Prayer of the Troubled.
S. Rom. 12:9-21.—Overcome Evil with Good.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Joseph Seized. vs. 23, 24.
II. Joseph Sold. vs. 25-28.
III. Joseph Mourned, vs. 29-36.

TIME.—B.C. 1729, soon after last lesson.

PLACES.—Hebron, twenty miles south of Jerusalem; Dothan, about seventy miles north-east of Hebron.

OPENING WORDS.

Jacob's partiality for Joseph, as shown by giving him the coat of many colors, and doubtless in other ways, first excited the envy and hatred of his brothers. Joseph's dreams added fuel to the flame. They hated him yet the more, and plotted to sell him into Egypt.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

23. *Was come unto his brethren*—at Dothan, where they were feeding their flocks. 24. *Pit*—an empty cistern for catching rain-water, dug in the ground. 25. *Ishmaelites*—descendants of Ishmael, Abraham's son by Hagar, called Midianites in v. 28. *Gilead*—the region east of the Jordan. *Spicery and balm and myrrh*—still the products of that region. 27. *Were content*—satisfied to do as he advised. 28. *Twenty pieces of silver*—shekels, about fifteen dollars, the price of a slave under twenty years old, Lev. 27:5. 31. *Dipped the coat*—to give the appearance that Joseph had been killed. 34. *Rent his clothes*—showing his grief. 36. *Pharaoh*—the king of Egypt.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What mark of love did Jacob give Joseph? How did his brothers feel toward Joseph? What increased their hatred of him? Why was Joseph sent to them? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. JOSEPH SEIZED. vs. 23, 24.—How did Joseph's brothers feel when they saw him? What did they first do to him? What did they then do? What was the condition of the pit?

II. JOSEPH SOLD. vs. 25-28.—What happened as they were eating? What did Judah propose? What was done? Which is the sixth commandment? What did our Saviour say of this commandment? Matt. 5:21, 22.

III. JOSEPH MOURNED. vs. 29-36.—What is said of Reuben? Why did he return to the pit? How did he express his grief? What did Joseph's brothers do with the coat? How was Jacob affected? How did he express his grief? What did his family do? What did Jacob say to them? What became of Joseph?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Envy leads to hatred, hatred to malice, and so to a readiness to injure others.
2. The one who hates his brother is a murderer in spirit, if not in deed.
3. God overrules for good the evil plans and deeds of men.
4. God will be with his children and will care for them in their trials.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did Joseph's brothers first do to him when he came to them? Ans. They stript him out of his coat of many colors, and cast him into a pit to die there.
2. What did they finally do with him? Ans. They sold him to a company of Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver.
3. What did the Ishmaelites do with Joseph? Ans. They took him into Egypt, and sold him to Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, the king of Egypt.
4. How did Joseph's brother's deceive their father? Ans. They dipped Joseph's coat in blood and sent it to him.
5. What did Jacob do when he received the coat? Ans. He rent his clothes and put on sackcloth and wept for Joseph, thinking that a wild beast had torn him to pieces.

# THE HOUSEHOLD.

## REMNANTS.

Part of a chicken pie, a platter filled with turkey bones and meat, a dish partly filled with cold mashed potatoes, another of turnips, still another of squash, some boiled onions, a tureen of oyster soup, a glass dish with a few spoonfuls of cranberry sauce, a similar dish with a like quantity of delicate apple jelly—such were among the remnants that the day after the feast fill the pantry shelves or the cupboard of many a housekeeper. On the sideboard in the dining-room was the wreck of what had been a beautifully arranged dish of fruit, a small quantity each of grapes, pears, oranges, and bananas remaining. All had been hastily put aside to wait until, 'the company' having departed, there would be leisure to separate and carefully prepare for family use such things as would take kindly to making over.

I propose to tell exactly how this was done in one family where delicate and capricious appetites demanded the nicest of cookery and the daintiest of serving.

The oyster soup, the remnant of the chicken pie, and the squash were selected to prepare for dinner. A plate was filled with nice slices of both white and dark meat from the platter of turkey ready for tea that evening; the remainder, with the potatoes, turnips, and onions, was carefully covered and set away in a cool cupboard for use the day after. The sideboard was put in perfect order, a dish of bright apples taking the place of the other fruit, which was placed where it would get perfectly cold before being made into a fruit salad. The cake was rearranged on a delicate decorated china plate, a particular favorite with the mistress of the house, to be served with the fruit salad which would make the dessert for that day.

At exactly a quarter to twelve the chicken pie was for the second time ready for the oven. In preparing it the largest pieces of crust had been removed and neatly trimmed to fit the smaller dish in which it was now to be served. All the remaining crust had been broken into small bits, and the potatoes and chicken cut into small pieces—not minced. A cup of boiling water was then poured over the prepared crust, potatoes and chicken and all, carefully and thoroughly mixed, poured into a bake-dish, and the crust fitted over the top. A perforated pie pan was turned over the top of the dish, and it was set in a moderate oven for half an hour. Four pieces of bread two inches square were toasted an even brown and placed in four soup plates. The oysters were drained from the soup, and three or four placed on each piece of the toast, which was then set in a warming-closet. The soup was put in a saucepan and set on the side of the range. When it was hot, half a cup of cream was added, and all allowed to come to the boiling point. It was poured over the toast and oysters about ten minutes before serving. The soup was almost absorbed by the toast when sent to the table. This dish was served as creamed oysters, and no one but a connoisseur could or would have thought of the oysters as having been cooked before.

The squash was browned in the oven, after being deftly shaped into a rounded mound.

The bananas, pears, and oranges were peeled, cut into very thin slices, sprinkled with powdered sugar, and the juice of the grapes squeezed over them, making a delightful and refreshing salad.

Of course it required thought, care, and work to prepare a dinner in this way. But the only hint of its being a 'warmed-over dinner' was the remark of the man of the house that 'it improves a chicken pie to turn it into a scallop.'

A breakfast dish was made of the onions and cold potatoes. The onions were minced fine, and put on the range in a frying-pan with the dressing which had been over them—it was a gravy of butter, flour, and milk. As there was not enough of it to moisten the potatoes, a few spoonfuls of milk were added. When boiling, the mashed potatoes were stirred into the onions and gravy. As they were already cooked, it was only necessary to allow all to become hot. When sent to the breakfast table, in a hot tureen it proved to be a new and desirable variety of Lyonnaise potatoes.

For the second day's dinner there were soup, turkey, and stewed potatoes, with a dessert of mince-pie and fruit tart.

Early in the forenoon all the meat was cut from the bones of the turkey in as large pieces as possible, and laid in a pan in which the brown gravy had been previously poured. The dressing that remained was cut in squares and laid on top of the pieces of turkey, out of the gravy. A second pan was turned over the top. It was then set aside, to be placed in the oven twenty minutes before dinner.

The bones and all scraps remaining on the platter were put in a kettle with water enough to cover them, and left to simmer for an hour. Tha soup was then strained and put back into the kettle, with a handful of rice and more seasoning. Before sending to the table, half a cup of strained tomatoes was added.

The turnips were warmed by setting them in a steamer over the soup. After they were in the vegetable dish a spoonful of melted butter was poured over them.

The stewed potatoes were fresh, and were prepared by peeling, and cutting the potatoes in inch pieces, and boiling until tender, pouring off the water and adding butter, pepper, and salt.

The mince-pie was carefully warmed between two pans to prevent the crust becoming hard.

A pie dish was lined with puff-paste rolled half an inch thick, and pricked in the bottom with a fork. This crust was placed in the oven, and while it was baking, the cranberries and the apple jelly were thoroughly beaten together with a spoonful of boiling water. It was poured into the crust and returned to the oven for a few minutes.—*Margaret Ryder, in Harper's Bazar.*

## A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

'I've outgrown my mittens, mamma! See?'

'So you have, and they're all whole and good, too. Well, drop them in the gift-box, and on your way to school stop in Mr. White's store and buy a pair. It's so cold this morning that you can't do without them very well.'

'And now, my dear woman, will you tell me what is a gift box?' asked Cousin Alice, who had arrived the night before for a lengthy visit, and who was anxious to understand the ways of the household as soon as possible.

'Why, certainly; a gift-box is just that—no more or less.'

'But I never heard of one before.'

'Possibly not. The box itself is only an ordinary packing-box with a fitted cover, and its contents range all the way from an advertising card up to a dress or coat. Sometimes it is nearly full, and sometimes nearly empty; and you would be surprised to see the amount that goes into it in the course of a year.'

'And then do you send the contents off to some public charity, Mary?'

'No, we have calls nearer home. There are a great many poor people in this place, and a mission and hospital, so there are plenty of avenues for giving. A large family like ours has a good many 'cast-offs' in spite of all the turning and making over which I do, and we used to put such things in the attic and store-room, and often would come some unexpected call for help, and I would know I had just the article that was wanted, but could not lay my hand on it or think where it had been placed until, perhaps, the opportunity had passed entirely by. And that is how the gift-box became an institution.'

'And a very sensible and practical one, too, I am sure. I would like to see its contents sometime, Mary.'

'It has very little in it now. Cold weather and holidays have made many demands on its generosity. We put nothing in it until it is fit for use—I mean that everything must be clean and mended, and if past that, the best pieces cut out, which will often make a jacket or skirt for a little child. Bits of old linen and lint and muslin bandages often go into it, and are as often called for, and when we have an accumulation of odds and ends we buy some cheap dolls and dress them, and at Christmas time find no lack of places for them. Every one of the family has the gift-box in mind, and so nothing goes to waste. I really think it has been an educator in the way of careful saving habits for us all, as well as a means of good to others. This year as the holidays approached the children seemed to be on a strife almost, as to which one could spare the most for the box; and not only that, but they were on the lookout for places where the things would be acceptable as well, and enjoyed their bestowal. I wouldn't be at all surprised if Jennie finds a candidate for the mittens before night. She is sure to be on the watch for it.'

'Will you mind if I follow your example, Mary, and perhaps tell it to others?'

'Why, I shall be delighted for my gift-box to have hundreds of duplicates!'—*Christian Intelligencer.*

## TRAINING HUSBANDS.

Don't let this heading induce you to think that I have discovered any plan by which wives can train their husbands. It is the boys, the husbands of the future, that I am thinking of. We hear a great deal about industrial training for boys and girls; about business and professional training for both, and something about girls being taught domestic economy and all the arts and sciences which make a good housekeeper, but I have heard very little about boys being trained to be good husbands and to do their part in making happy homes.

It is a proverbial saying among all women that husbands have no adequate idea of the work which a housekeeper must do, and consequently are careless of the extra work they make for her. Would this be so in the next generation if every mother would begin with her little boys and teach them to be orderly with all their belongings, and to wait on themselves? Not only this, but teach them to help mother in every possible way; to keep the wood-box filled with wood and the water-pail with water; to save mother's tired feet by going upstairs and down-cellar for her. Let him put up the clothes-line, turn the wringer and empty the tubs for her on wash-day, as soon as he is old enough. He will be proud enough to think that he is growing strong enough to do these things better than mother. Be very sure that you show your appreciation of every helpful act, and let him see that you look to him for assistance.—*Christian Arbitrator.*

## CONVENIENCES FOR THE KITCHEN.

BY MRS. H. T. CONKLIN.

For a long time after I began housekeeping I used to make the dining-room clock answer whenever I wished to know the time for boiling eggs, for baking bread or whatever I might be doing, and the amount of trotting back and forth it required seems now quite ridiculous, for I have learned that one of the most comfortable things in doing kitchen work on time, is a good reliable clock on the mantel. To every young housekeeper I would say, don't fail to purchase a clock for the kitchen.

Some housekeepers have convenient utensils, but so few of them! They make one do for so many things! This is not comfortable.

As, for instance, with cooking utensils, one should have a very large kettle or iron porcelain-lined pot for cooking a pot roast or boiling ham or corn beef, then a smaller one for meat stews or boiling beans or for making soup. Different sized granite kettles should be on hand for stewing fruit or making corn starch, although for puddings and for cereals a double boiler should be used if possible. In the absence of a double boiler, I get along quite well by using under my kettle for making anything with milk, a flat plate of asbestos; this will allow the pot to be over a very hot surface without scorching the milk, as the asbestos keeps it from burning. Little stewing pans for warming over things are very nice. I have two or three and use them as dippers; they hang near the sink and are wonderfully convenient and very cheap.

On my kitchen table is an old fashioned wooden knife tray, with a partition in the centre. It's a very old affair, but as I have no drawer in my kitchen table, this holds the paring knives, the small forks for testing the meat and potatoes, and the can-openers, for in these days of canned goods a can opener which will work easily is a necessity. Notwithstanding, I was visiting a house not long ago where the housekeeper said she opened her canned goods by means of a knife and a hammer!

For easy work in the kitchen one should have at least three measuring cups of equal size. I used to have two for that purpose, but happening to break one I used the single one, instead of at once investing five or ten cents for new ones. So in making cake or pudding if I thoughtlessly measured the butter first, I had to wash the cup before I could measure the flour or sugar. After trying my patience a few weeks in this way I did what I should have done at first, bought two new ones. It is the same with bowls. One should have five or six of these of different sizes; a very large one in which to beat up the whites of eggs is very useful. Speaking of eggs! One should always have on hand a good egg beater, it does the work so swiftly and so well. One should always have a collander for straining soups, a long handled skimmer, six long handled iron spoons and several paring knives.

For ironing, five or six irons, each weighing at least six pounds, are needed. I find those weighing seven pounds are none too heavy for many purposes. Some housekeepers always use a table for ironing, but I think most laundresses prefer an ironing board. I am sure I find a board much more convenient in my own kitchen.

## FOR MOTHERS.

The following are some resolutions made by an earnest Christian mother. Would that every mother in the land would copy them, and read and think of them every day.

Resolved, That the first duty of the day performed by me shall be prayer to God, especially for strength and wisdom to properly instruct, guide and govern my child.

Resolved, That I will never permit my child to wilfully disobey me, or treat me with disrespect.

Resolved, That I will earnestly strive never to act from an impulse of passion or resentment, but will endeavor to preserve my judgment cool and my feelings calm, that I may clearly see and truly perform my duty to my child.

Resolved, That I will devote a certain portion of my time each day to self-instruction, in order to be able to instruct my child.

Resolved, That I will watch over my own temper at all times, cultivate a habit of cheerfulness, and interest myself in the little matters of my child, that I may thereby gain his love.

Resolved, That I will devote my time especially to those pursuits which will increase the comfort and happiness of my home and forward the best interests of my child.

Resolved, That I will study the health of my child, reading on the subject and asking the advice of those who are more experienced than myself.

Resolved, That I will not yield to discouragements from failure, but will persevere, putting faith in the promise of God to all those who earnestly and faithfully strive to do their duty.—*Episcopalian.*

## LABOR SAVING SUGGESTIONS.

Have a strong wooden stool in your kitchen. Mine cost thirty cents, and is the best strength-saver (which, I take it, is equivalent to labor-saver) that I know of. Get a light one, of convenient height, keep it under your kitchen table where it can easily be drawn out for use, and sit on it when peeling potatoes, wiping dishes, cleaning lamps, kneading bread, and doing a score or more of other things which can be done as well sitting or standing if the seat is of the proper height.

When you go to polish the stove, slip over your hand an old paper bag. And when the stove is polished and you draw off the bag, lo! instead of the blacking being under your nails as usual, which generally requires two or three days to wear out, your nails are dainty and clean enough to be presented to your most fastidious visitor.—*Cor. Voice.*

## SOAP-BUBBLES,

### AND THE FORCES WHICH MOULD THEM.

*By C. V. Boys, A.R.S.M., F.R.S. of the Royal College of Science.*

(Continued.)

I did not in the last lecture by any direct experiment show that a soap-film or bubble is really elastic, like a piece of stretched india-rubber.

A soap-bubble, consisting, as it does, of a thin layer of liquid, which must have of course both an inside and an outside surface of skin, must be elastic, and this is easily shown in many ways. Perhaps the easiest way is to tie a thread across a ring rather loosely, and then to dip the ring into soap water. On taking it out there is a film stretched over the ring, in which the thread moves about quite freely, as you can see upon the screen. But if I break the film on one side, then immediately the thread is pulled by the film on the other side as far as it can go, and it is now tight (Fig. 19). You will also notice that it is part of a perfect circle, because that form makes the space on one side as great, and therefore on the other side, where the film is, as small, as possible. Or again, in this

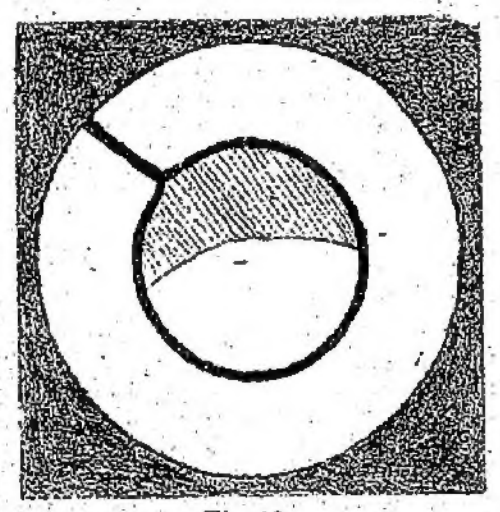


Fig 19.

second ring the thread is double for a short distance in the middle. If I break the film between the threads they are at once pulled apart, and are pulled into a perfect circle (Fig 20), because that is the form which makes the space within it as great as possible, and therefore leaves the space outside it as small as possible. You will also notice, that though the circle will not allow itself to be pulled out of shape, yet it can move about in the ring quite freely, because such a movement does not make any difference to the space outside it.

I have now blown a bubble upon a ring of wire. I shall hang a small ring upon it, and to show more clearly what is happening, I shall blow a little smoke into the bubble. Now that I have broken the film inside the lower ring, you will see the smoke being driven out and the ring lifted

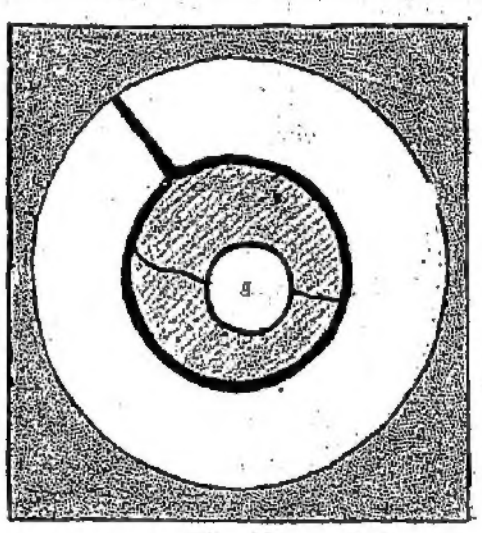


Fig 20.

up, both of which show the elastic nature of the film. Or again, I have blown a bubble on the end of a wide pipe; on holding the open end of the pipe to a candle flame, the outrushing air blows out the flame at once, which shows that the soap-bubble is acting like an elastic bag (Fig 21). You now see that, owing to the elastic skin of a soap-bubble, the air inside is under pressure and will get out if it can. Which would you think would squeeze the air inside it most, a large or a small bubble? We will find out by trying, and then see if we can tell why. You now see two pipes each with a tap. These are joined together by a third pipe in which there is a third tap. I will first blow one bubble and shut it off with the tap 1 (Fig 22), and then the other, and shut it off with the tap 2. They are now nearly equal in size, but the air cannot yet pass from one to the other because the tap 3 is turned off. Now if the pressure in the largest one is greatest it

Fig 21.

will blow air into the other when I open this tap, until they are equal in size; if, on the other hand, the pressure in the small one is greatest, it will blow air into the large one, and will itself get smaller until it has quite disappeared. We will now try the experiment. You see immediately that I open the tap 3 the small bubble shuts up and blows out the large one, thus showing that there is greater pressure in a small than in a large bubble. The directions in which the air and the bubble move is indicated in the figure by arrows. I want you particularly to notice and remember this, because this is an experiment on which a great deal depends. To impress this upon your memory I shall show the same thing in another way. There is in front of the lantern a little tube shaped like a U half filled with water. One end of the U is joined to a pipe on which a

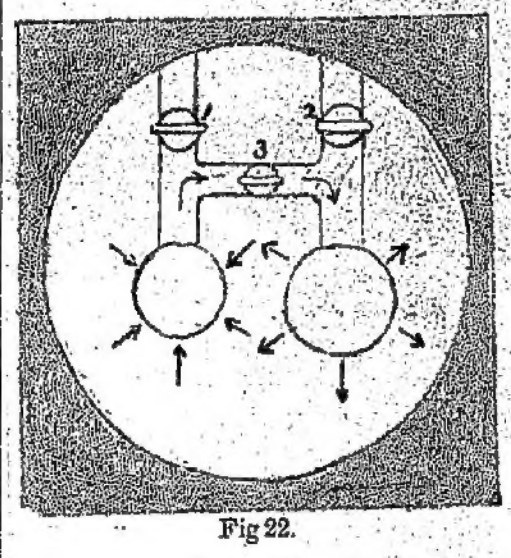



Fig 22.

bubble can be blown (Fig 23). You will now be able to see how the pressure changes as the bubble increases in size, because the water will be displaced more when the pressure is more, and less when it is less. Now that there is a very small bubble, the pressure as measured by the water is about one quarter of an inch on the scale. The bubble is growing and the pressure indicated by the water in the gauge is falling, until, when the bubble is double its former size, the pressure is only half what it was; and this is always true, the smaller the bubble the greater the pressure. As the film is always stretched with the same force, whatever size the bubble is, it is clear that the pressure inside can only depend upon the curvature of a bubble. In

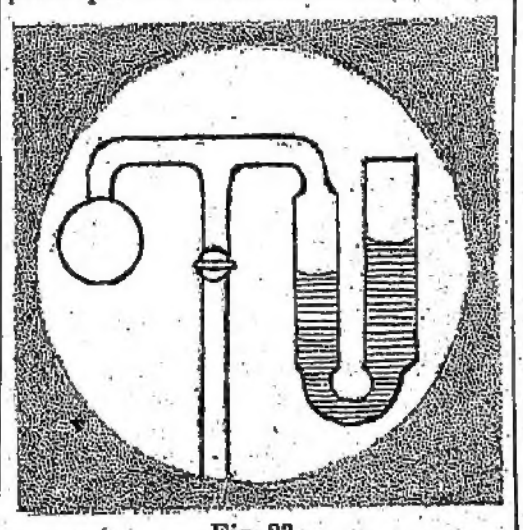


Fig. 23.

the case of lines, our ordinary language tells us, that the larger a circle is the less is its curvature; a piece of a small circle is said to be a quick or a sharp curve, while a piece of a great circle is only slightly curved; and if you take a piece of a very large circle indeed, then you cannot tell it from a straight line, and you say it is not curved at all. With a part of the surface of a ball it is just the same—the larger the ball the less it is curved; and if the ball is very large indeed, say 8,000 miles across, you cannot tell a small piece of it from a true plane. Level water is part of such a surface, and you know that still water in a basin appears perfectly flat, though in a very large lake or the sea you can see that it is curved. We have seen that in large bubbles the pressure is little and the curvature is little, while in small bubbles the pressure is great and the curvature is great. The pressure and the curvature rise and fall together. We have now learnt the lesson which the experiment of the two bubbles, one blown out by the other, teaches us.

A ball or sphere is not the only form which you can give to a soap-bubble. If you take a bubble between two rings, you can pull it out until at last it has the shape of a round straight tube or cylinder as it is called. We have spoken of the curvature

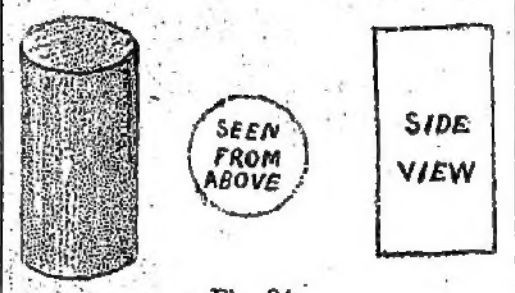



Fig. 24.

of a ball or sphere; now what is the curvature of a cylinder? Looked at sideways, the edge of the wooden cylinder upon the table appears straight, i.e., not curved at all; but looked at from above it appears round, and is seen to have a definite curvature (Fig. 24). What then is the curvature of the surface of a cylinder? We have seen that the pressure in a bubble depends upon the curvature when they are spheres, and this is true whatever shape they have. If, then, we find what sized sphere will produce the same pressure upon the air inside that a cylinder does, then we shall know that the curvature of the cylinder is the same as that of the sphere which balances it. Now at each end of a short tube I shall blow an ordinary bubble, but I shall pull the lower bubble by means of another tube into the cylindrical form, and finally blow in more or less air until the sides of the cylinder are perfectly straight. This is now done (Fig. 25), and the pressure in the two bubbles must be exactly the same, as there is a free passage

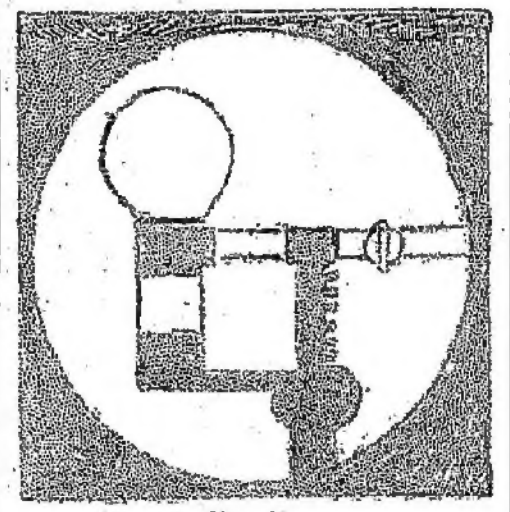


Fig. 25.

of air between the two. On measuring them you see that the sphere is exactly double the cylinder in diameter. But this sphere has only half the curvature that a sphere half its diameter would have. Therefore the cylinder, which we know has the same curvature that the large sphere has, because the two balance, has only half the curvature of a sphere of its own diameter, and the pressure in it is only half that in a sphere of its own diameter.

I must now make one more step in explaining this question of curvature. Now that the cylinder and sphere are balanced I shall blow in more air, making the sphere larger; what will happen to the cylinder? The cylinder is, as you see, very short; will it become blown out too, or what will happen? Now that I am blowing in air you see the sphere enlarging, thus relieving the pressure; the cylinder develops a waist, it is no longer a cylinder, the sides

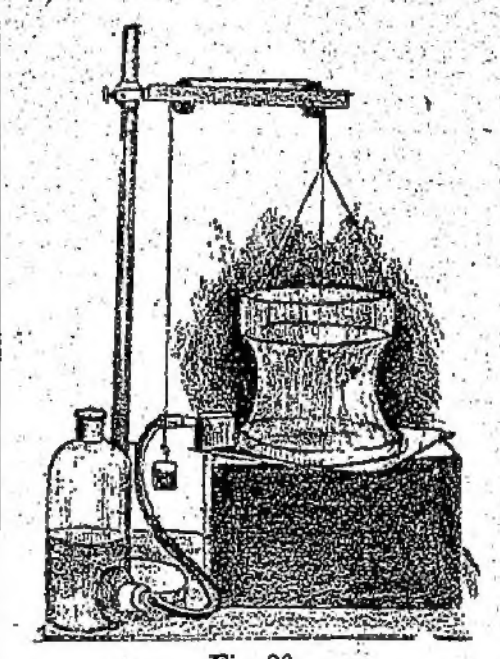


Fig. 26.

are curved inwards. As I go on blowing and enlarging the sphere, they go on falling inwards, but not indefinitely. If I were to blow the upper bubble till it was of an enormous size the pressure would become extremely small. Let us make the pressure nothing at all at once by simply breaking the upper bubble, thus allowing the air a free passage from the inside to the outside of what was the cylinder. Let me repeat this experiment on a larger scale. I have two large glass rings, between which I can draw out a film of the same kind. Not only is the outline of the soap-film-curved inwards, but it is exactly the same as the smaller one in shape (Fig. 26). As there is now no pressure there ought to be no curvature, if what I have said is correct. But look at the soap-film. Who would venture to say that that was not curved; and yet we had satisfied ourselves that the pressure and the curvature rose and fell together. We now seem to have come to an absurd conclusion. Because the pressure is reduced to nothing we say the surface must have no curvature, and yet a glance is sufficient to show that the film is so far curved as to have a most elegant waist. Now look at the plaster model on the table, which is a model of a mathematical figure which also has a waist.

*(To be Continued.)*

## ONE THING NEVER DIES.

To-day, upon Palm Sunday, Jesus comes riding into Jerusalem in the midst of palm-branches and hosannas. Next Thursday, He is prostrate in Gethsemane. Next Friday, He is hanging on the cross. Next Sunday, He is rising from the tomb. The great experiences come quick on one another. Joy crowds on sorrow, sorrow presses on the steps of joy. To each comes the quick end. Each is but born before it dies. But one thing never dies—the service of His Father, the salvation of the world, the sum and substance of His life! Set upon that, with His soul full of that, joy comes and pain comes, and both are welcomed and dismissed with thankfulness, because their coming and their going bring the end for which He lives more near.—*Phillips Brooks.*

## A QUEER BOY.

He doesn't like study; it 'weakens his eyes,'
But the 'right sort' of book will ensure a surprise.
Let it be about Indians, pirates, or bears,
And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;
By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear.
Now, isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand he's 'tired as a hound,
Very weary of life and of 'tramping around;'
But if there's a band or a circus in sight,
He will follow it gladly from morning till night.
The showman will capture him some day, I fear,
For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden, his head 'aches to split,'
And his back is so lame that he 'can't dig a bit.'
But mention baseball, and he's cured very soon;
And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon.
Do you think he 'plays possum?' He seems quite sincere;
But—isn't he queer?

—*St. Nicholas.*

## THE GREAT MEETINGS IN MONTREAL.

Never have there been such meetings in Montreal as those held during the month of February under the direction of the Rev. B. Fay Mills. Every afternoon for three weeks the great St. James church was thronged. In the evenings almost every foot of standing room was occupied, while from the Sunday gatherings hundreds were turned away. A sketch of Mr. Mills's life has already been given in the *Messenger* but the following interview with him by a *Witness* representative reveals many new points of his character and method of work.

'He is young;' says the interviewer, 'he has blue eyes like a girl; there is a cordial in his smile. Not so young in years—about forty. Young in heart; confident, buoyant, happy.

'The brow is broad and clear, the mass of fair hair waves and curls. If you were in trouble you would like to have that face near you. It is so serene, so sure that all is right, though the seeming might put doubt in the heart.

'A short man, with a quick step, a clear-glancing eye, a voice soft, musical, but with tones in it that can be very decisive; an easy manner; the gentleman as well as the famous evangelist.

'While I'm eating you ask me questions,' said Mr. Mills, after he had been heartily greeted at the C. P. R. depot by the Rev. Dr. Williams, the Rev. Mr. McWilliams, the Rev. Mr. Dewey and Mr. Yuile, and had been installed in his rooms at the Windsor Hotel.

'I was invited once to preach in a little town called Middleboro. The people came to hear. I received other invitations. I received more invitations than I could fill. I went back to my church, and said, 'Give me three months in which to find out if it is the Lord's will that I should become an evangelist?' The church said, 'If we give you three months you will never come back to us.' I replied that if the church did not give me what I asked I would resign. I got the time, and I became convinced that this is what the Lord would have me to do. That is why I am in Montreal.'

'We are a conservative people in Montreal. From what you know of the field here, do you think the effects of your visit are likely to be permanent?"

'Why, I am a conservative myself, the bluest of the blue,' said the evangelist, laughing, as he ate his breakfast. 'I am quite decorous, I assure you. I do not come here with any sensational methods. I have been a pastor for seven years. I know how it feels to have dignified methods, and regular work. Anthracite coal is a little hard to kindle, but when it is lighted it burns longer than other sorts. That is all the difference. The effects will be permanent in proportion as the churches do their duty. If they do not do their duty they will not be permanent. The churches will reap as they sow. If they go into this work as though it was theirs, as though it was their regular work, not a mere novelty with which they had not a vital interest, there will be permanent results. I worked in a place where there were several churches in a group. One church got a hundred members as the result of the work; another only got fifteen. You can draw your own conclusion. It must not be assumed that the work is mine, or that this is a form of work which is only calculated to produce transient impressions. If the pastors, when the work of the evangelist is done, will carry it on just as part of their regular work, expecting success and results, then the impulse which the evangelist gave—and that is what the evangelist is, an impulse—will make for permanent results. I remember in Boston once, a minister got up and said he did not think there was any permanency in Moody's work. 'I got the names of one hundred and two enquirers,' he said, 'and out of the whole lot only two have remained as church members.' Another minister got up and said there was quite a coincidence in the fact that he got an equal number of enquirers names, but whereas his brother had only two left he had lost only two out of the whole number. If you only put a little capital into a business you cannot expect great results. Put a million into it and you will do a little better. There is merit in the concentration of capital. Only put a little energy into this work and the results will not be miraculous at all. But let there be zeal and concentration, and it is bound to tell.'

'In your opinion, then, it is not a reproach to a city well supplied with ministers to bring an evangelist from outside?'

'Let us see,' said Mr. Mills, serenely, 'The evangelist is a specialist. You have specialists in other walks—in law, in medicine, for example. It is a special function. It requires experience. Every pastor was not made to be an evangelist. Some pastors, when they preach two sermons on Sunday, feel that they must take a holiday on the Monday. I have preached three sermons a day for seven weeks. I do not say this to commend myself, but to indicate that you can train yourself to endurance, as you can train a particular muscle. If you took a pastor from one of your churches, and asked him to conduct a series of meetings, he would be neglecting his own special work, which may have been very valuable. The evangelist comes as an impulse. I do not call myself a free lance. I am the minister of the united churches for the time being. And this

THE REV. B. FAY MILLS.

united effort by an evangelist from outside is good in this way—that it shows the Roman Catholic and infidel world that there can be union amongst the Protestant denominations. The conduct of a work like this requires training. I am speaking, remember, of the evangelist in the general. I know a good deal more about the management of this work than I did when I first began. You might ask in one way, and get fifteen to respond. You might ask it in another way, while the impression made was at its best, and you might get a hundred. Perhaps the average pastor might not notice the difference in the two ways. But the difference is vital. The pastor may have plenty of talent, and yet he might not be able to conduct a work like this. That is no reproach to the pastor. For myself, I have made a study of this work. You do not need in work like this to prove the inspiration of Scripture, nor is it necessary to go into scientific questions. What you want is for Christians to be Christian, and for the unconverted to become Christians. That is the meaning of the work in brief. Now, for that purpose, you have a certain line of thought to pursue. The material is limited. I might preach three times a day upon it for three months but could I do it for three years? I think not, and therefore, the evangelist comes properly as an arousing and strengthening impulse, doing a work which the regular pastor could not do so well, because he has not had the special training and experience in the work.'

'You preach the simple truths of the gospel?'

'I preach the gospel in a direct, simple way, but I do not claim that there is any virtue in that, because each age has its own form and way of presenting the truth. I do not aim at any sensational effects at all, and I appeal to thoughtful, rational people.'

'What means do you take to find out the numbers converted after a campaign such as you propose to inaugurate?'

'We give our enquirers tickets, and the people are supposed to write their names upon them, and the church of their choice. The counting I leave to the pastors. But there is the fresh consecration of Christians who may not have been living as close to God as they should have lived, as well as the conversion of the ungodly. That enters into the calculation.'

'Mr. Mills's last word was. 'I bring no novelty. I preach the gospel of Christ to rational people. I am very glad to talk to a *Witness* representative. That paper has a sterling reputation.'

The story that has often been told about Mr. Mills having been a gambler and a drunkard previous to conversion is quite without foundation.

'I never engage in newspaper controversy' said Mr. Mills to a *Witness* representative on another occasion, 'but I will be glad if the *Witness* will contradict the story, which I see has been printed in several of the Montreal papers. The remarkable nature of my conversion, as given, is all right, but that I ever was a gambler or a drunkard is quite untrue.

'Previous to my conversion, I was in San Francisco, engaged in the real estate business, leading undoubtedly a worldly life, but the idea sought to be conveyed that I was low down in sin—that is, that I was a drunkard and a gambler, has no foundation in fact. I have no desire whatever to glory in this, but this story so often meets me, and has been circulated so widely, that it would be well, I think, to set the matter right.'

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF FAILURE.

Success is a relative term, and so is failure. All depends. Adam was not a great success in Eden, but showed up pretty well at the World's Fair. Nobody can tell about Adam's failure, save he takes account of Christ's success, a world redeemed, and the infinite glories of salvation.

People fail from not knowing the right time. Cromwell didn't wait till 'the iron was hot'; he said, 'I'll strike, and make it hot.' Grant knew, when Lee was ready to surrender. Some other fellows didn't, and so, kept the rebellion alive a long time. The man who knows when to call the market, when to speak the needed word, when to sell stocks, when to do, and when not to do, succeeds like everything.

One minister whom I heard when a boy inspired me to think of the ministry, by his wonderful gift of emphasis and intonation. He swayed people by the art of pressing the real meaning out of words. I have heard of a poor dry goods clerk who became a prince merchant at last, by just getting and keeping a corner on smiles. Everybody wanted to trade with 'that smiling clerk.' He could say 'good morning,' 'how well you are looking,' and 'how elegantly that dress made up for you'—these things, so graciously, as to make every lady who entered the store radiantly happy. There is a how of doing a thing, which is almost as important as the thing itself. How to make bread is better knowledge a hundred times than bread making. Anybody can mix dough, few, comparatively, can make good bread.

A friend of mine, a clergyman, happened in, to see how a sick man was; found, that a council of doctors had given him up, said indeed, that he must die. The clergyman remembered that the inborn, the prevailing and inevitable characteristic of the sick man was to joke. He loved to laugh. So he was told a 'side-splitting story.' The story made him laugh, then laugh again, until the exercise caused physical reaction, and the man recovered. Success was in knowing the man, and the man's most sensitive mental nerve.

How to do a thing! The man who found John B. Gough at the side of the vessel, one day, in the English channel, didn't know, at all. They were in quite a sea, vessel rolling, Mr. Gough hanging on, and throwing overboard all inward resources, when the man came up, and asked this question: 'Mr. Gough, do you—think—the Asiatics—will be less sen—si—tive to—to—to superstition, w-h-e-n brought into contact with our western c-i-vi-li-zation?' This man had the philosophy of failure—pat.

So, too, the man who doesn't know when, and where, and how, to speak, to sing, to laugh, to pray, to call, the most terrible of all, doesn't know when to go, or how to say 'good night.' There he stands, at the door, the visit is over, he wants to go and everybody wants to help him, but he doesn't know how.

It doesn't cost a college course, a year's study, a single text book, or a dollar, to learn how to fail. Just be a fool. Kick a good deal, be morbid, let your nerves go loose and unstrung, keep up an individualism that is critical and rasping; echo all the harsh notes and discords, find fault that a man like Stead comes into the horrible dirt, poverty and crime of Chicago and tells us all the very sharp things that the Master said about other cases as bad, stand by the 'good old times,' and whine a good deal—you will succeed—as a failure.

But the world will move right on, all right, it has got that habit; and every good, pure, sweet thing will go with it, on to God-appointed destiny; and when at last 'two shall be grinding at the mill, the one taken and the other left,' you will be the one left. I hope not, for I wish you a happy New Year, and the good art of success.—*Henry A. Delano, D.D., in Rum's Horn.*

## A SURE CURE.

How can we tell how properly, to graduate the penalties? asks Neal Dow. Find out what doses of fine and jail will make the grog-shop business unprofitable and uncomfortable, and stick a pin in there. That is precisely the medicine sure to cure when administered in suitable doses.

'A DEAR LITTLE BIT OF MUSLIN AND LACE.'

## GRANDMOTHER'S FIND.

BY HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER, IN 'FRANK LESLIE.'

What did grandmother find to-day,
Up in the garret-chamber dim,
Where the cobwebs hang their draperies gray
And the afternoon's light steals softly in?
What was the treasure she prizes so?
A baby's cap from the long ago.

A dear little bit of muslin and lace,
Yellowed and worn with the touch of years,
But, oh, she can fancy the winsome face,
And her soft blue eyes are dewy with tears,—
The dear little face of her first-born boy—
And her pale cheeks flush with a mother's joy.

'Tis such a queer, little, quaint device,
With sewing the fairies might have done;
Beyond all value, beyond all price,
Is the baby cap of grandmother's son;
For over his grave the daisies are white,
But grandmother's heart is happy to-night.

'For oh,' she says, 'he is happy, I know,
And heaven re-echoes with pattering feet,
And I sometimes dream that I see the gleam
Of the golden curls and the faces sweet,
Oh, better a home up there for him,
Where sorrow can never enter in!

Wonderful relics we found to-day,
Up in the garret-chamber dim—
Silks in lavender laid away
That dames in the old times courtesied in;
Garments of many an old-time beau,
Worn in the days of the long ago.

Grandmother's spinning-wheel spins no more;
Silent it stands in its corner dim;
Quiet its reels, its labors o'er,
And the afternoon light steals softly in;
But the wee little cap in grandmother's hand
Has drifted her back to babyland.

[For The Messenger.

## A BRIGHT BOY.

Robert is just five and one-half years of age, and as a neighborly guest he often breaks bread at our table. When it suits his pleasure better to sup with us at six o'clock than to dine at home at the same hour, he prevails with his mother, using the argument that a plain cold supper is far more healthy than a hot hearty dinner.

During one of these more healthy suppers a few days since, he related the story of the birth of Jesus, the latest lesson of the infant department of the Sabbath School. It was a very sweet story as it came from his childish lips with great detail of circumstance and a sprinkling of unpronounceable historic names, which, however, did not in the least daunt his enthusiastic recital. The name of Joseph arrested his continuity of thought. To his little mind a flood of light ran through the entire story, for a few months previous he had met my brother in our home and heard him familiarly called by that name. The face of the child became illuminated, he had caught a key note to that Sunday School tale, and looking up quickly and with intense earnestness, he exclaimed, 'Miss H— was that Joseph any of your relations?'

Of course the bare truth had to be spoken, but the little fellow was led down from his pinnacle of light with all possible ease and care. J. S. H.

*Albany.*

## STRONG BOYS.

'The glory of young men is their strength.' There is no doubt about it, but what gets many a fine fellow into trouble is a confused idea of what strength is. A boy is a young man, and never too young to glory in being strong.

Coming home from a long journey a few years ago, I was fairly panting with emotion as I approached the house where I was to see my baby, 'Jack.' I rang the door-bell and waited, hoping that he himself would open to me, and I braced myself instinctively, for I knew he would spring into my arms. He did open the door, and knew me *instantly*, and—without an atom of emotion, gravely doubled up his little fat arm and said, 'Papa, feel my muscle,' and I did. He is a great tall boy now, with a mighty biceps, but is not so proud of it as he used to be.

'Strength' means many things to many men. Some glory in arms, some in legs, some in 'wind,' 'quickness'—all sorts of things. But what did Sullivan's wonderful arms and legs and wind and cleverness amount to, since, after all, he was too weak to keep sober? or O'Leary's splendid muscles, after his stomach gave out? What is the good of being rich if one is a fool, or powerful and a coward, or fleet if he cannot endure? I have seen a great, lusty, handsome boy clubbed to death with a ridiculous cigarette. I have seen a glorious man, who would have faced an army and fought to the death, go down to drunkenness and shame before a bar-room loafer's sneer.

You see what I am coming to. Strength is symmetry; in a watch not speed, but 'time,' and for that the 'going' of it is not more important than the holding back. In music, not noise, but harmony, in which dots and rests and pedals are as true as notes. In a man not muscle only, but poise, balance, escapement, health, or culture, which means all these. And a young man who intends to hold the citadel of his life with power, needs every defense that his Creator gave him at the beginning.

'What do I smell on your breath?' a boy's mother asked him, as she kissed him when he came in from 'the party.' 'And your cheeks are flushed. O my boy! did you drink wine?'

'Yes, mother; I refused it, but they insisted, and I took it rather than seem eccentric. You know I don't care for it.'

The wine might not have hurt him, but one line of his defenses of character had gone down, for a young fellow, however amiable, who changes a refusal of wine to a drink of it, in order not to be eccentric, has a breach in his line, and is evermore in peril until it is mended.

But the wine did hurt him, for precedents are mighty things in social life or law, and he became a politely steady drinker, but 'not at saloons.'

A year or two later he dropped into the drug store for a glass of brandy 'for a cold,' and another line of his defenses had gone down. Another year or two, and he just went into the saloon 'with Brown' and had a cocktail, for he was 'overcome by the heat,' and another barricade was broken down; but he despised a man who would 'carry a bottle.' Another year or two and he carried one, and hid it 'for morning.' And years later he was one of the chattels of the saloon—a poor lost drunkard.

That does not always happen, perhaps not often comparatively, but what I have just sketched did happen, and I know the man.

And it is very likely to happen, and almost always it is a generous, lovable, capable fellow who goes down like that, and he always glories in his strength, until he finds it shame.

A strong man is always a gentle man, and no good place in the whole social world is shut to gentlemen.

And from this flying railway train in Illinois, I send you this loving admonition, with a prayer, from an old boy who went from the sweetest home in the world to the hell of drunkenness, by being mistaken about 'strength,' until one night he staggered up to Jesus, and he performed the greatest of his miracles—made strength of weakness.—*Jno. G. Woolley, in the Pansy.*

## THE EASTER GUEST.

BY M. L. DICKINSON.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Lord Divine,
I felt in the sunlight a softened shine,
And a murmur of welcome I thought I heard,
In the ripple of brooks and the chirp of bird:
And the bursting buds and the springing grass
Seemed to be waiting to see Thee pass;
And the sky, and the sea, and the throbbing sod,
Pulsed and thrilled to the touch of God.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Love Divine,
To gather the world's heart up to Thine;
I know the bonds of the rock-hewn grave
Were riven, that, living, Thy life might save.
But blind and wayward I could not see
Thou wert coming to dwell with me, e'en me;
And my heart, o'erburdened with care and sin,
Had no fair chambers to take Thee in:

Not one clean spot for Thy foot to tread,
Not one pure pillow to rest Thy head;
There was nothing to offer, no bread, no wine,
No oil of joy in this heart of mine;
And yet the light of Thy kingly face
Illumed for Thyself, a small, dark place,
And I crept to the spot by Thy smile made sweet,
And tears came ready to wash Thy feet.

Now, let me come nearer, O Lord Divine,
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee,
Rear, if Thou will, a throne in my breast,
Reign—I will worship and serve my guest,
While Thou art in me—and in Thee I abide—
No end can come to the Easter tide.

## THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

Listen! The earliest bluebird sings again
His prophecy of spring above the snows;
And in our heart already summer glows.

So the first violet in a sunny nook,
Lifting its face in April's frosty hours,
Tells of the coming sisterhood of flowers.

And when the Easter bells from tower to tower
Proclaim Christ risen, still our faith replies,
'Since he is risen' we shall also rise.'

The winter of our sorrow passes by;
The springtime of our hope is drawing near.
Listen! His message in the bells is clear.

Rev. Isaac O. Rankin.

## EASTER FLOWERS.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

We are his witnesses; out of the dim,
Dark region of Death we have risen with Him.
Back from our sepulchre rolleth the stone,
And Spring, the bright angel, sits smiling thereon.

We are His witnesses. See, where we lay
The snow that late bound us is folded away;
And April, fair Magdalen, weeping anon,
Stands flooded with light of the new-risen Sun!

—*St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md.*

## EASTER.

Not alone in earth's dark caverns
Shines the sun of Easter morn;
Lo, amid the deeper shadows
Of the soul, the Light is born.

Willis Boyd Allen.

## EASTER THOUGHTS.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
The world takes up your chant sublime,
"The Lord is risen! The night of fear
Has passed away, and heaven draws near;
We breathe the air of that blest clime,
At Easter time.

Lucy Larcom.

## FOR TIRED LITTLE FOLKS.

'Auntie, please tell me something nice to do. I'm tired on Sunday. It's too late to go out, and it's too early for the lamp, and the wrong time for everything.'

'Well, let me see,' said Auntie. 'Can you tell me any one in the Bible whose name begins with A?'

'Yes; Adam.'

'I'll tell you a B,' said auntie; 'Benjamin. Now a C.'

'Cain.'

'Right,' said Aunt Sarah.

'Let me tell D,' said Joe, hearing our talk; 'Daniel.'

And so we went through all the letters of the alphabet, and before we thought of it we were called for supper, the house was lighted, and we had a fine time. Try it.—*Mayflower.*

## EASTER DAWN.

The song of a bird that flies
  Through the mist of the early dawn,
Comes back to me from cloud-filled skies
  Flushed with the rose of morn;
The song is one that thrills
  My heart with its tender lay,
For it speaks of a morning that brightens the hills
  Of a Country far away;
A land that is dear to God
  As He looks on His world below,
For the sake of the holy feet that trod
  Its ways in the long ago.
The bird's song clear and free
  Comes back on the morn's sweet breath.
And the name, the dear name it seems telling to me,
  Is Jesus of Nazareth.

A voice from the lilies white,
  Awake in the vale below.
Comes up to me through the pale dawnlight,
  From their swaying bells of snow:
It speaks to hearts that heed,
  And its message is sweet to me,
For it breathes thro' their fragrance a virtue indeed
  Of purest humility;
A virtue dear to God
  As He looks on His own below,
And blesses with sunshine and rain, the sod
  Where the lilies and violets grow;
The voice so clear and free,
  Floats up on the morn's sweet breath,
Our Master was clothed with humility,
  Dear Jesus of Nazareth.

A voice of the new born day,
  Comes down like a blessing divine.
And seems to keep warning 'Watch and Pray,'
  While time and strength are thine;
Ye know not the day nor hour
  When the King will leave His throne,
To come to His glory, might, and power
  Down to His struggling own;
Oh! people dear to God,
  As He looks on His world below,
Be ready to welcome the One who trod
  Your ways in the long ago;
Clear voice of the new-born day
  Speaks soft on the morn's sweet breath,
And seems to keep whispering 'Watch and Pray'
  For Jesus of Nazareth.

A hymn to the Easter dawn
  Angels are chanting low,
Their voices come down on the wings of the morn
  Through the sunrise golden glow;
Oh! beautiful hymn of hope
  That driveth all shadows away,
That lightens the darkness where sad souls grope,
  'Our Lord is risen to-day!'
Oh! bright land dear to God
  As He blesses His own below,
Rejoice for the coming of One who trod
  Your ways in the long ago,
Pure hymn of the angels fair
  Come down on the morn's sweet breath,
Oh! gladden our hearts that oft sadden with care.
  Dear Jesus of Nazareth!

—*C. M. Ambermann, in The Silver Cross.*

## A STORY THREE MONTHS LONG.

BY LOUIS WALLOON.

No wonder Rosabel and all the rest of the children loved Miss Bonn. She could tell a wonderful story,—a long one, too! And she had many odd ways of telling stories, and of doing things.

'I think I should like to tell Rosabel a story three or four months long,' said Miss Bonn to herself one day, in the beginning of the winter. 'She wanted me to tell her a story last Easter, but I put it off until it was too late; and now I think I shall begin in time. I shall begin my Easter story at Christmas; and, what is more, I'll make her work the most of the story out for herself.' She paused a moment, and added, 'It will be God's story, too,—a story of life.'

She turned, walked across the room, and opened a closet door; a number of flower-pots were standing on an upper shelf inside.

'Yes,' she said, 'my story shall be told to her eyes, and not so much to her ears. I'll make her get a part of her story out of a dark closet.' She walked to the window, and, looking out, said, 'I'll make her get some of it out of the ground.' Then she gazed up to the clouds where the sun was just coming through, and said again, 'I'll make her get it out of the clouds and out of the sun.'

Next, Miss Bonn sat down at a writing-desk, and went very earnestly to work writing a letter. She hurried to the closet, took something out, wrapped it in brown paper, and, after tying a string around it, slipped the letter under the string, to hold it fast. Ten minutes later, Miss Bonn left the package with the maid at Rosabel's front door, and hurried back home.

The next day was Christmas. Rosabel capered and shouted as she entered the library, where the Christmas tree stood. Then she began tearing the wrapper off one present after another. There were presents from mamma and papa, from grandpa and grandma, and two Aunt Marys, and Aunt Sally, and many other relatives and friends.

After a while, Rosabel picked up a hard, heavy, round package with a note under the string. When the wrapper came off, there was a china vase or flower-pot, beautifully painted with pretty designs, and filled with moist, black-looking earth.

Rosabel didn't know exactly what that kind of present meant. If there had been a pretty flower growing in it, she could have understood it, but a pot full of earth!

She put it down, and, seeing the folded white paper lying on the floor, exclaimed, 'O mamma! here is the letter; what does it say?'

Mamma took the letter, and read it aloud:—

MY DEAR ROSABEL:

I heard, not very long ago, that you loved flowers. Now, here in this pot are not flowers, but away down in the brown earth is a blue hyacinth bulb. Now, dear, I ask you to have faith, and put this pot in a dark, cold closet or cellar, keep it quite damp with water until the last of February, and then I hope you will see a little white point. Then put the pot in the sun with plenty of water, and I hope in a short time you will see the lovely flowers.

With love and best wishes, I am sincerely your friend,

SARAH W. BONN.

The next time that Rosabel saw Miss Bonn she thanked her for the present, and said she was keeping it in a cool, dark closet, and watering it a little occasionally.

'It's going to be a good Easter story,' said Miss Bonn; 'isn't it?'

Rosabel showed two rows of white teeth as she threw back her head and, laughing, said, 'I don't see any Easter story about it,—I don't see any story at all.'

'You mean you don't hear any story,' said Miss Bonn; 'but you must look for a story, a story of life,—look for it with your eyes.'

'Look for what?'

'Look for the coming of those blue hyacinth flowers. But you will have to help the baby bulb to tell its story by keeping a loving watch over it. Then its story will be your story, and, as I gave it to you, it will be my story too; and as God gives it life and makes it grow, it will be God's story,—that's best of all.'

Rosabel looked a little puzzled, and said, 'But I don't see how that will be an Easter story.'

'I am not going to tell you that,' said Miss Bonn, 'at least not just now, for I don't want to finish my story for some weeks yet. My letter and the hyacinth bulb in the pot were the beginning. But you mustn't get impatient.'

So day after day Rosabel peeped into the dark closet, and poured a little water on the earth.

'Dear me!' she said one day. 'How dreary and cold and dark it must be down there in the earth! I should think the plant would hurry up.'

Sure enough, after weeks of waiting and watching and tending, the little white point appeared.

Then Rosabel brought the flower-pot to the window, and put it in the sun, and watered it. The little point grew taller and stronger into a healthy plant,—just as the Bible tells us the baby Jesus 'grew and waxed strong in spirit.'

It was late in March when the blue flowers appeared, so that by Easter, which came early in April, the plant was in the height of bloom.

'How about that story, Miss Bonn?' asked Rosabel, as they walked home together on Easter morning.

Rosabel looked inquiringly up into Miss Bonn's face, as though she ought to know what Miss Bonn would answer, and yet she wasn't sure.

'What was the first Easter story?' asked Miss Bonn.

'Why,' answered Rosabel, 'the Bible story of our Lord's arising from the dead.'

'Yes. Would you call that a story of death or of life?'

'A story of life, of course,' said Rosabel.

'And that little bulb which grew to a beautiful stalk crowned with blue flowers,—what is that a story of?' inquired Miss Bonn.

'A story of life, too, I suppose; my plant didn't die, though,' said Rosabel, suspecting that Miss Bonn was going to tell her that the life of her hyacinth was like the life of our Lord.

'No, that's true,' answered Miss Bonn; 'your plant didn't die. All that I wanted you to think of was that the life which began at Christmas reached its perfectness at Easter, just as your plant-bulb reached the fulness of beauty in its crown of blue flowers. I want you to think of Christmas and Easter together, as a story of life. And who is the Lord of all life, Rosabel?'

'Christ?' said Rosabel, inquiringly.

'Yes; and I will tell you one way we know that he is the Lord of life, and that we live because he lives,—he says: "Whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die."'—*Sunday-school Times.*

## THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF EASTER.

BY THE REV. W. F. C. MONSELL.

Among the millions of people who observe Easter in some way there are many thousands who are influenced by the custom rather than by the theory. The young girl who gets her spring bonnet for Easter Sunday is as little concerned with the catechetical teaching about Easter as the milliner who sells the bonnet, or the sewing-girl who has put on the trimmings. Both purchaser and merchant are unconsciously governed by the tide of custom, and swim with the current.

But what made the Easter custom possible is put down as an abstruse theory or idea, and so set out of sight. Only the facts are regarded by many as worth considering. The predominant fact in Egypt in the early summer is the inundation of the Nile, and it quite absorbs the attention of any resident in the Nile valley who has a field to irrigate. These Nile farmers are, no doubt, in their own estimation, practical men in confining their attention to the waters near them, and the opening of the mud-channels that will convey the water to the seed-beds; but to a foreigner the Nile farmer seems a very narrow being, singularly limited in his lack of interest in the causes which make the Nile overflow its banks. The native Egyptian may think the problem sufficiently solved by referring it to the 'tear of Isis;' but the foreign traveller sees at once the limitations of the practical view of the inundation, and the absurdity of remaining content with the superstition about Isis.

No doubt an intelligent Buddhist visiting America would also see how the practical view of Easter, which makes its trade profit out of the festival, without even inquiring seriously as to the causes lying back of the observance, is a very narrow and limited condition, with which no rational person can be content. The intelligent foreigner has been able to tell the native Egyptians many things about the geography of the Nile and its sources which are eminently practical, where the meteorological conditions are such as to threaten a failure of the farmer's water supply, as in the time of Joseph for seven seasons. No doubt the keen observer, Buddhist though he be, can tell us that, if we neglect to cultivate the sentiments which supply our Easter enthusiasm, the practical tradesman may some day find the spring inundation of cash unexpectedly diminishing, and the florist may have his lilies blooming in vain.

A curious and interesting feature of the Easter custom is the presentation of Easter gifts. Since the observance of St. Valentine's Day has fallen into comparative disuse, the loss has been compensated for by the large sales of Easter cards and by Easter gifts. Thus one festival has encroached upon another, and almost displaced it. Some may question the cause we allege here, but we believe that careful reflection will justify our view.

Here, then, we may find a justification for advising the most practical men not to overlook the power of ideas and the growth of sentiments which actually revolutionize trade. It is, then, a part of practical wisdom for our American merchants to remember the sentiments that lie back of the Easter enthusiasm, just as it is practical foreknowledge for a Nile farmer to inform himself of the meteorology of the district where the Nile inundation receives the impulse for its work of enriching the Nile valley.

## BECAUSE HE LIVES.

Looking into the place where Jesus lay, we also look beyond it. He is not there, but is risen. As the hours of his subjection to the power of death were numbered, so also the days of our slumbering are appointed; and because he lives we shall live also. He has brought life and immortality to light. His resurrection has begotten us again to a living hope. His trumpet shall sound and we shall be changed. He had power to lay down his life and power to take it again; much more has he power to deliver his people from captivity and bring them in triumph to their eternal home. That vacant tomb is significant of victory. The sorrow of that first day of the week is transmuted into eternal joy. Christ's death and burial were the necessary antecedents of his resurrection. He entered the grave that he might despoil it and become a conquerer. Oh, what consolations, what encouragements, what strong appeals are to be found in contemplating the place where the Lord lay? We sorrow not for Christian friends as those who have no hope, for blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. It is a faithful saying that if we be dead with Christ, we shall also live with him.—*Rev. Edward W. Gilman, D.D.*

## HE IS NOT HERE.

To go to the burial ground in order to recall the departed and mourn them there, is as if a wife or mother should go down to the steamer's dock or the passenger station to recall husband or child who had left her by steamer or train for some distant country. The grave is not even the door through which our beloved have passed; it is the tenement which they have left. The released spirit has no longer need of this habiliment of clay. Nature generously offers to take it and turn it into grass and flowers. And we lock it up in an iron casket in a vain attempt to prevent the kindly ministry of decay. The body is but a fetter that enchains the now free spirit. Why, when the spirit is released, should we sit mournfully by the side of the rapidly rusting fetters? The body is but a narrow cell in which the now free spirit was confined. Why, when the door is opened, and the spirit has gone forth, and nature begins to take the cell to pieces, should we sit mournfully at the empty cell, and long to stop the process of demolition? Fly forth, O soul, from thy cage! We rejoice in thy emancipation, and join in thy song.

O sorrowing hearts, sit not down in the gloom of Good Friday over against the sepulchre! The angel has already come; the stone is already rolled away. He is not here. He is risen. See the place where the body of thy loved one lay; then go quickly with this song on thy lips: He is risen from the dead; he goeth before me; the Master came and called for him; and where the Master is, there my beloved is also.—*Christian Union.*

## HE LIVETH.

I cannot leave our Easter morn as though it were the Saturday entombment day. I cannot stop here without saying in fewest, simplest words, 'But now is Christ risen and become the first fruits of them that slept. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' We believe in a Christ that has come out from the bosom of the Father that He might reveal Him to us, and is kin to us because we are kin to God our Father. We believe in a Christ who became incarnate only that He might conquer, and suffered Himself to be put to death only that He might prove himself victor over man's last enemy, death itself. We believe in a Christ who has flung open the doors of the great prison-house that He might show us that there is no prison-house, that the abode of the dead is no dark and gloomy dwelling-place, but the dwelling-place of light and life and joy and God Himself. We believe that out of every grave there blooms an Easter lily, and in every tomb there sits an angel. We believe in a risen Lord. Turn not your faces to the past that we may worship only at His grave, but above and within, that we may worship the Christ that lives. And because He lives, we shall live also.—*Lyman Abbott, D. D.*

THE ARMOUR ELEVATORS.

performs only that, but performs it with the precision of a machine; so that four million animals are annually killed and carved there, and despatched in fragments to the ends of the earth, with less ado and loss than an ordinary farmer would be put to in slaying and dressing a single porker.

One of Armour's mottoes is: 'Get the best.' He says: 'Good men are not cheap.' He pays men twenty-five thousand dollars a year for directing certain chief departments.

Mr. Armour's private office is a most unpretentious place. It contains no furniture save a roll-top desk and two or three chairs. This private office was constructed two years since at the instigation of Mr. Armour's sons, Ogden and Philip, who are his present partners, and who saw that the constant interruptions to which their father was subjected made demands upon his health and time that were incompatible with his advancing years.

A few months ago there was a movement to crush Armour in a grain 'corner.' He had contracted to deliver several million bushels of grain at a given date. Delivery of this sort, as is well known, means delivery in the elevators, not in the cars. Armour's granaries were full. The combination would not let him have a bushel's room in any other structure. And still he had three million bushels to move from the far West, and there were but thirty days left for the completion of the undertaking. When he discovered the 'freezing out' designs of his competitors he gave himself no anxiety whatever. He rang his office bell. A clerk responded.

'Send for Mr. ——, the builder.'

Mr. —— duly made his appearance.

There was a brief conversation. Twenty-eight days after that the newest and largest grain elevator in the world was in Armour's possession. It had been built for him in the interim by an enormous force of men working in three eight-hour shifts each day. The three million bushels were stored on the twenty-ninth day, and there was space to spare for a million more.

Armour always has a large store of cash in reserve. He can draw upon it instantly. He is a general who never dissipates his resources, and who is never cut off from his base of supplies.

The Armour Mission was established by a fund bequeathed by the late Joseph Armour. This fund Philip doubled, or quadrupled—the amount is not essential; the spirit is. The fundamental idea upon which it was based was the establishment of a Sunday home. There is a great hall where a Sunday-school assembles, and there are class-rooms opening into this. There, every Sunday, eighteen hundred young people gather and spend really happy hours. The place is the centre of life; cheerfulness is its characteristic. There is no denominationalism. One can hardly say that there is a creed, except it be: Worship God and love your fellow-man. There is certainly no dogma. There is no distinction as to race; neither as to color. There is no sermonizing. Every Sunday afternoon Mr. Armour goes down to the Mission and spends his time there among the children—especially among the younger ones. In those hours he is at his happiest. Connected with the place is a free kindergarten, and there is also a free dispensary.

What is the Armour Institute? It is easier to say what it is not, than what it is. Some would call it a Technical Training School; some, perhaps, a College of Science and the Liberal Arts; I should say: It is a place for developing character.'

He had seen that there are thousands of boys and girls who have to begin working-life with the simple preparation of our common schools. What Armour saw was the necessity for bridging over the gap between the common schools and the college. He met the necessity by creating the Institute

A large and handsome building of red brick, trimmed with brownish stone, and open on all sides to the light and air, is the home of the Institute. It stands at the corner of Thirty-third street and Armour avenue. It is a hive of pleasant lecture-rooms and spacious laboratories. It is administered in two divisions, the 'Scientific Academy' and the 'Technical College.' In the one are taught Algebra, Plane Geometry, Solid Geometry, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, the English, French, German, and Latin languages, Greek History, Roman History, Modern History, Commercial Geography, Physical Geography; while in the other there are courses in Mechanical Engineering, Electricity and Electrical Engineering, Mining Engineering, and Metallurgy. And there are also what is called the 'Department of Domestic Arts,' where instruction is given in cooking and sewing and dressmaking; the 'Department of Library Science,' where the formation and management of book-collections is the chief theme for study; and the 'Department of Architecture,' the 'Department of Kindergartens,' and the 'Department of Commerce.' A superb gymnasium crowns the whole.

The Institute was opened in September last with six hundred pupils. There is no gratuitous instruction, but the terms of tuition are so low that any one who is determined to get an education can easily defray the cost of it. If he or she have no money for this purpose, then the term charges can be worked out, or an undertaking can be given that after graduating from the Institute and finding employment the charges will be paid in the course of time. For there is this healthy fundamental idea about the work—it is devoid of all appearance of charity. The standard is high. An education earned is the only one that can be properly valued by its possessor.

The Rev. Doctor F. W. Gunsaulus, who had been for six years pastor of Plymouth Congregational church in Chicago and is now the president of the Institute, is a man after Mr. Armour's own heart. He is thirty-seven years of age, a man of inexhaustible energy, of shrewd executive power, of lofty character, and an ardent enthusiast in all good work that tends to make life brighter. As a preacher Doctor Gunsaulus is remarkably eloquent, forcible, and helpful.

An important conversation occurred between pastor and parishioner, after the latter had returned from a visit to London, and had seen there the splendid work which is being done by Quintin Hogg and other philanthropic men. Armour declared that he would like to give Chicago an institute combining the features of the London Polytechnic with others of his own design. He outlined his plan; then he turned calmly to the reverend doctor and said:

'Do you believe in this?'

'I would give my life to such a work,' exclaimed Doctor Gunsaulus.

'Good. Then I will put a million and a half behind it.'

While he was showing us the Institute he wanted me to see the electricity room especially.

'I set great store by this,' said Mr. Armour. 'In a few years we shall be doing everything by electricity, and these young men are getting ready for the coming changes.'

It was easy enough there at the Institute to see that Mr. Armour believes in youth.

He does not have much confidence in the chance of reforming grown men. One of his favorite expressions is: 'I want to get into partnership with that boy.'

Another is 'Let every youngster know that he counts for one. Don't make him wait till he has a vote before you tell him that.'

Up at the top of the building we found a cookery school.

'This is a vital spot,' said Mr. Armour. 'We do not sufficiently appreciate in this country the national importance of cooks. There are plenty of people who can paint well and sing well, but there are few who can cook well. In this room we prescribe for domestic happiness.'

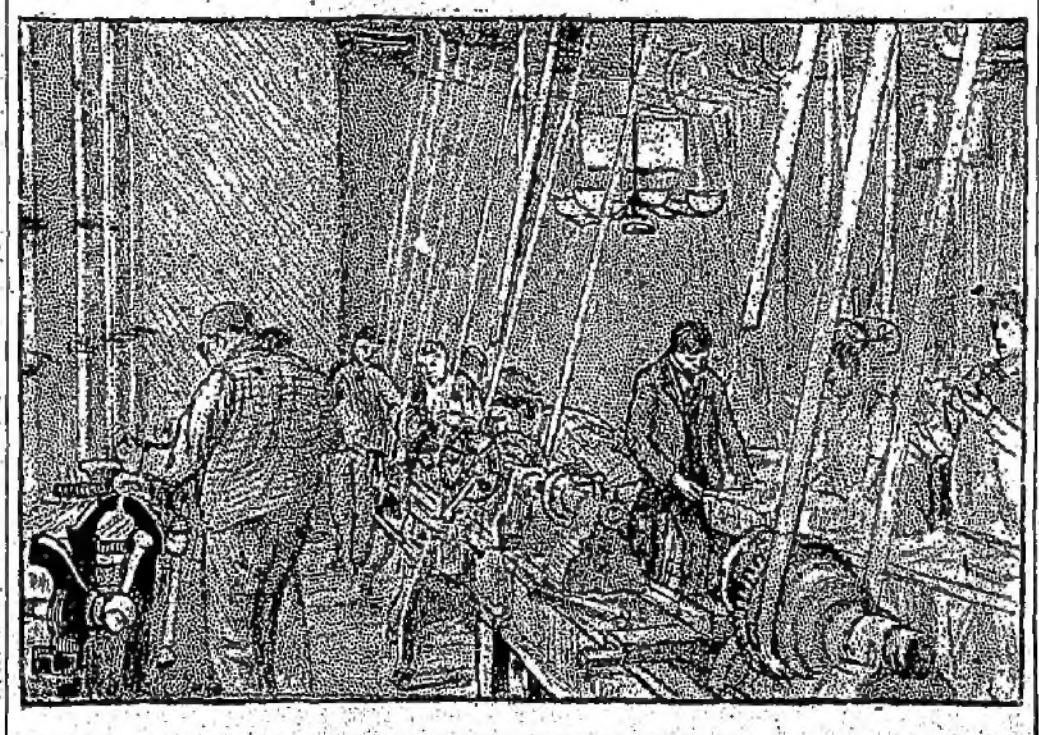
On another occasion I asked Mr. Armour if he had ever taken an active interest in politics.

'No,' he replied; 'but a few months ago some people in Chicago got it into their heads that they would like to have me mayor during the Exhibition year. But that isn't in my line. I have never been in politics. I don't know much about politics. I have made it a principle of life never to engage in enterprises whose details I have not mastered. Perhaps I might make a fair mayor of Chicago, but I know I am a first-class butcher. I think, if you will permit me, I will stick to the stock-yards.'

For a man of many millions, Mr. Armour's life is an amazingly simple one. He has a good-sized house on Prairie avenue, but there are many men in Chicago worth, say, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, who live with more ostentation than he.

Armour honors a mother, and when he goes to the Mission and sees the future mothers of the country—the most of them tots of very tender years—he is apt to say: 'We can't be too careful of this raw material.' His own mother is a sainted memory with him, and his father, a sturdy-natured man, was a most careful trainer of humanity. The parents were farming people.

'A man should do good while he lives,' said Mr. Armour himself. 'Wills are easily broken and set aside. I built the "Armour Flats" to yield a yearly revenue to the Mission. There's an endowed work that cannot be altered by death, or by misunderstandings among trustees, or by bickerings of any kind. Besides, a man can do something to carry out his ideas while he lives, but he can't do so after he is in his grave. In those flats across the street we've tried to carry out the home idea, as I call it. Build pleasant homes for people of small incomes, and they will leave their ugly surroundings and lead brighter lives.'



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